RRR
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Reign of Terror in Little Rock

by Murray N. Rothbard

The current line of Left-liberal defense of Whitewatergate is that "it's different from Watergate." Yes, it is, and I'll tell you how: *There were no dead bodies in Watergate.* There was no killing of a White House counsel.

But it's not just Vince Foster, Jr. The only crimes of violence in Watergate were some "third-rate burglaries" (e.g. the Democrat National Committee offices and the safe of Hank Greenspun in Las Vegas). In the wake of Whitewatergate, there has been a veritable Reign of Terror, of death and mayhem in Little Rock, the source and origin of the whole slimy mess.

There is, for example, the case of the savage assault on L. J. Davis, the fiftyish longtime contributing editor at *Harper's Magazine*, whose scintillating front-cover article on Whitewatergate ("The Name of Rose," *New Republic*, April 4) opened up tantalizing new leads in this fascinating saga. In the best Watergate "follow the money" tradition, Davis concentrated his Little Rock research into the multimillionaire Stephens family financial empire, and on the intertwined public-and-private bond business in Arkansas. Shortly after the Davis article came out, I saw him in a roundtable discussion of Whitewater on the Charlie Rose TV program. Everyone else on this typically "balanced" program was a full-time Clinton apologist: the obnoxious smirker Michael Kinsley, a law professor whose name I mercifully did not catch, and *Newsweek's* Joe Klein, who, however, seems a bit worried about the whole affair and now can be termed only an 80 percent Clinton apologist. I noticed that Davis wasn't coming off well; he seemed spacey, inarticulate, gnomic, almost as if he were on Valium or something.

Well, it turns out the poor guy *was* on something. For he was on medication to dissolve a blood clot in his brain, the result of a vicious beating over the head he suffered in front of his hotel room door in Little Rock. Davis was finishing up his research into Whitewater on February 14. Returning to his room at the Legacy Hotel around

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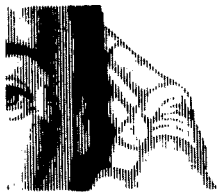

THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

A female Secret Service agent is in big trouble: by mistake, she walked in on a scene of lesbian debauchery at the White House, and Hillary was one of the debauchees.

*****

Can you beat this: Bill Clinton giving someone (Hillary) a moral character reference?

*****

The dominant hotshots at the Rose Law Firm in Little Rock were called the "Four Musketeers": Webb Hubbell,

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(THE EAR cont. from pg. 1)
Vince Foster, William Kennedy, and Hillary Clinton. Two down, two to go?

*****

For those few people still interested, the early morning favorite for the Libertarian Party nomination for President in '96 is Michigander Mary Ruwart. Ruwart, who wants the L.P. to appeal to Left- liberals even more than it does now, aims to Heal the World through LOVE, and to merge the L.P. with the "Natural Law Party," a Transcendental Meditation cult. This New Age fusion would bring the world the "external peace" of liberty, combined with the "internal peace" of TM.

And the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and everyone shall take soma...

*****

"Evidence steadily mounts that William F. Buckley Jr., the quick-witted, free-thinking libertarian, has been kidnapped and, as part of a diabolical plan to undermine the conservative cause, replaced with a döppelganger," says *Spy* magazine.

*****

"Cato was paid to support Nafta," a prominent radio talkshow host is telling everyone, "so now I call them the Taco Institute."

(LITTLE ROCK cont. from pg. 1)
6:30 P.M., he only remembers waking up on the floor four hours later, partially paralyzed and with a huge lump, the result of a "powerful blow above the left ear."

Was this a simple robbery? Well, you be the judge: his watch was not taken, and his wallet still had a couple of hundred dollars. There *was* something stolen, however: four "very significant" pages of Davis's Whitewater notebook were torn out. (See Deroy Murdock, *New York Post*, March 23.) Furthermore, Davis reports that shortly before the beating, a "high government official in Washington" had warned him that he was getting "into a red zone" and that you'd better "work your ass off and get out of there as fast as possible." Not only that: he had received an anonymous threatening phone call based on the private computer transmission of his article to the *New Republic*.

Needless to say, neither Larry Parks's murderer nor the thief have been discovered.

This is scarcely all the Clinton-related violence or violent death committed in or around Little Rock in recent months. There is, for example, the fascinating case of Larry Parks, the owner of American Contract Services, Inc., a firm that had provided security guards to Clinton's presidential campaign and to his post-campaign transition headquarters in Little Rock. Parks had become intrigued by Slick Willie's numerous marital infidelities, and had begun a detailed investigation of them from the 1983 gubernatorial campaign on. Parks's research was hidden in two name-and photo-filled files in his bedroom.

Last September, the Parks home was broken into, and the phone lines cut, thereby knocking out the home's security system. Shortly afterward, Larry Parks, returning home from a Mexican restaurant, was shot to death at close range by ten bullets from a 9mm semi-automatic pistol. When Parks's widow and their son looked in his bedroom for the Clinton files, they found that the files "were just missing." The widow added, "I suppose they must have been stolen."

Needless to say, neither Larry Parks's murderer nor the thief have been discovered. Mrs. Parks stated, "I believe it [the murder] was premeditated. I believe someone has been watching us." And their

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son Gary, a 23-year-old former Navy submarine navigator, added: "I believe they had my father killed to save Bill Clinton's political career."

Then there is the mysterious violent death of Herschel Friday. Friday was head of Arkansas' largest law firm, Eldredge & Clark, and was a member of Bill Clinton's presidential campaign finance committee, in a position, in other words, to know some important things about the financing of the 1992 Clinton campaign. On March 1, Herschel Friday, an experienced and "very excellent" pilot, was landing his private plane at his private airfield in Little Rock. It was drizzling, and the landing was at dusk, but both the plane's and the landing strip's lights were lit, and his son was guiding Friday toward the ground by radio. Then, suddenly, "something happened that got him disoriented and he dropped out of sight"; Friday's plane crashed and he was killed.

Another murderous plane crash—this time in fine weather—wiped out another potential Clintonian informant only two days later. Conservative journalist Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, Washington correspondent for the London *Sunday Telegraph*, had planned to fly to Little Rock to interview Ronald Rogers, a dentist from Royal, Arkansas, who was going to share "some knowledge of a sensitive nature" about personalities and transactions" in Clintonian Arkansas. On March 4, Evans-Pritchard received a phone call from the man who had arranged the meeting. Skip the trip to Arkansas, said the contact, "they got him last night." "They got him" in a crash the night before of a twin-engine Cessna plane headed north from Dallas to Denver. At 10:30 P.M. on a clear night, the pilot of the plane reported "electrical trouble," and said that he planned to "refuel" in Lawton, Oklahoma. Yet the plane crashed, killing the pilot and three passengers, including Dr. Rogers, 45 miles south of Lawton, near Wichita Falls, Texas. Curiously, the plane had a full tank of gas, and the pilot seems to have been lost, a map and magnifying glass being found after the crash near the pilot's seat.

Wichita Falls TV reporter David Keating, who covered the crash, was mystified. "It's kind of strange. I don't know why they'd be this far off course. The plane took a complete nose dive. The front of the plane was totally demolished and the back was intact. The whole thing is weird."

Evans-Pritchard's conclusion: "It's a bit difficult for people to understand that this is going on in the borders of the U.S." The "this," he made clear, is a "serious shutting-up operation underway."

So, in addition to the financial cesspool being uncovered in Arkansas, how about a detailed, truly independent, heavily-financed, *criminal* investigation into various acts of murder and violence associated with Larry Parks? Who (and What) Killed Herschel Friday? Who (and What) Killed Dr. Ronald Rogers? Who bludgeoned L.J. Davis? Let's clean out the cesspool, no matter *how high up* we have to go!

Impeach Clinton! ■

Some Reflections on the Olympics

by M.N.R.

I know that everyone has by now OD'd on the millions of words poured out on Tonya, Nancy, and the rest, but there are still aspects of the late Winter Olympics that have been largely overlooked.

1. It was a real pleasure to see the healthy, happy people of Norway enjoy their Olympics, and to see them zipping along the snow and ice of Lillehammer streets on their vertical sled contraptions (I think called "sparks") while all the tourists were slipping and sliding. It was a pleasure to see Norway come in 1-2-3 in skiing.

2. From the above it is obvious that I dissent from the American ultra-chauvinism that has always been endemic to TV coverage of the Olympics. If Americans are not competing in a sport it doesn't get covered at all, and when they do compete, some American coming in 32nd is closely followed

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while the leaders get ignored.

One of the worst things about left-liberalism is its insistence on politicizing all of life, and the chauvinist hype is one aspect of the politicization. Sports are supposed to be individual, or team, efforts, and should have nothing to do with government or politics, and what used to be hailed as the "Olympic ideal" was set against such emphasis on the State. All of this has been long forgotten, the turning point coming with the disgraceful banning of South African athletes from the Olympics because of disagreement with that country's political system.

The feminist slogan, "the personal *is* the political," sums up much of what conservatives and libertarians should be dedicated to combat and crush. The counter to that is the reverse: "the political *is* the personal," and "conspiracy" analysis of the nefarious activities of power elites, right down to Whitewatergate, is an expression of that counter-slogan.

3. There's almost a one-to-one correlation: every leftist pundit, every left-liberal sports writer (and they are legion) came down fervently in favor of Tonya Harding. It's almost like a test; virtually every despicable person I know turns out to be a Tonya fan. Interviewed on TV during the Olympics, the pompous quasi-nitwit Frank Rich, the latest entry in the horrible stable of *New York Times* oped writers, started to explain why he was pro-Tonya. "It's a class thing," he said, referring to the famous Tonya-Nancy controversy. He started to explain that Tonya came from a poor background, when he suddenly caught himself, and was reduced to mumbling from then on, since he obviously realized that the Kerrigans were poor too.

The difference is not "class," and it is disingenuous for the Left to pretend otherwise. The difference is character, what the nineteenth century used to call the "deserving" versus the "undeserving" poor. The Kerrigans were poor but honest Boston Irish, the father working at three jobs to raise the money for Nancy's skating lessons. Tonya, on the other hand, is a true product of her rotten white-trash family. She is at one and the same time an inveterate thug and a whining victimologist—and come to think of it, these two spectacularly unattractive qualities often go together. (Leftists, of course, like to use pseudo-scientific psycho-babble terms such as "dysfunctional" family, as if the problem were some sort of disease rather than a rotten moral character.)

Thuggish: apart from the Gilhooley charge of complicity in the kneecapping assault on Nancy; taking a baseball bat to another woman in a parking-lot dispute; snarling "I'll kick her butt" about Nancy Kerrigan, etc. Whining victimologist: the incredible shoelace caper at the Olympics, which was the *fourth* time in recent years that Tonya started skating, did badly, and then went whining to the judges about her untied shoelace, her broken skate, and all the rest. How come that no one else in championship skating, has *ever* had an alleged problem with her skates or shoes in the middle of a competition? And why is it that *each* and *every* time the wimpy judges caved in? At the Olympics, the result was to ruin the performance of the poor Canadian skater who was scheduled to skate after Tonya and who was rushed prematurely onto the ice by the authorities.

I mean, *my* shoe laces are often untied, but I don't pretend to be a championship skater.

Leftist shrinks and pundits, when they got off the class kick, were more accurate in their description of the difference between Tonya and Nancy, although, of course, they came out on the wrong side. As one shrink put it: "It's like a Rohrschach test. The people who are pro-Nancy believe in 'playing by the rules.' [How square of them!] The pro-Tonya people identify with her resentments at the hard knocks of life."

There's an important corollary difference between the pro-Nancy and pro-Tonya forces. Leftists hate Nancy because her skating is elegant, her demeanor ladylike and Katherine Hepburn-ish. (The Hepburn illusion, I'm afraid, shattered whenever Nancy opened her mouth to speak.) Whereas Tonya didn't even try

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for an illusion of ladylike. Even before the Tonya-Nancy incident, I always disliked Tonya's skating, which reflects her personality, heavy-footed, clumpy, thuggish. Figure skating is a blend of the athletic and the elegant. Harding was always more athletic than Kerrigan, but spectacularly *in*elegant. A couple of years ago, Tonya's athleticism began to slip, whereas Kerrigan's has been improving. Hence, the perceived need, at least among Tonya's "husband" and Gang-Who-Couldn't Hit Straight entourage for measures that, to say the least, don't play by the rules.

4. And speaking of rules, the entire Harding incident brings into stark relief the wimpiness, the cowardice of the Olympic and figure-skating authorities. Let Tonya flash a couple of lawyers at the Olympic solons, and they crumpled immediately. The left-liberal doctrine, advanced at the time by no less than our beloved Slick Willie, speaking of course as an expert on ethics (and who, naturally, was pro-Tonya), was that Harding should be allowed to skate at the Olympics because she hadn't been "convicted of a crime." (And Slick Willie hasn't been convicted yet either, right?) What is this nonsense about being convicted of a crime? What happened to the good old days when participation in an Olympic event was a privilege to be taken away from an athlete at the slightest hint of "unsportsmanlike conduct"? At the very least, Tonya's unsportsmanlike conduct was glaring and evident.

All this made me yearn for the good old days, the many decades when Avery Brundage, a crusty Old Rightist, ruled the Olympics with an iron hand. One time, he tossed out Eleanor Holm from the Olympic swimming team because she dared to drink a glass of liquor! Also, Brundage was firm in upholding the "amateur ideal"; none of this Nike endorsement nonsense for *his* Olympic athletes. I must confess that at the time, when I was growing up, I believed that Brundage was too autocratic and the amateur ideal too rigid. But look how the Olympics have degenerated since his demise! *Mea culpa*, Avery. And Avery, where are you now that we need you so desperately?

All this made me yearn for the good old days when Avery Brundage ruled the Olympics with an iron hand.

The best comment on all this came recently when I was lamenting the situation to an old friend and said that I yearned for the days of Avery Brundage. "Yes," said my friend bitterly, "that was before athletes had 'rights.'"

5. Not that I was aggressively pro-Kerrigan. On opening her mouth, she turned out to be ungracious. Besides, she virtually never *smiled*; the figure skater should be joyous about her craft. And so I thought all's well that ended well when Tonya, despite favoritism from the judges, finished way behind, and Oksana Bayul, the Ukrainian charmer, won the gold. Oksana was the best athlete as well as the most elegant; despite Kerrigan's grousing, Oksana had the presence of mind to recover her failure to do a triple and insert it at the end of her program, something that Nancy had failed to do.

So the figure skating soap opera ended fittingly. Now, if we can only get rid of the international authorities and Bring Back Brundage, we should be able to sit through the next Olympics with some enthusiasm.

Clintonian Ugly

by M.N.R.

I have to face it: my loathing of the Clintons and their Administration is so intense that it has become absolute, unbounded, almost cosmic in its grandeur. As Clinton's fortunes have gone on a con-

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tinuing emotional roller-coaster, mine have been exactly inverse; when he's up, I'm down, and vice versa. Whenever he takes a nose dive, to quote from the late Ben Hecht in a very different context, I make a little holiday in my heart.

Not that I've been a great fan of any of our Imperial Presidents. But looking back, in each one of their Administrations there has been *something*, some aspect, that has been, if not a redeeming feature, at least some break in the overall miasma of evil. I detested Harry Truman, but for a year he had a Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, who was a maverick and a great guy, a real budget-cutter and an isolationist, the last of the breed in that office. Jimmy Carter was a disaster, but he *did* manage (courtesy of economist Alfred E. Kahn) to push through deregulation of oil and gas, trucking, and abolition of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Jerry Ford was no bargain, but he didn't do anything catastrophic, and his klutziness in banging into things was rather endearing. The only previous President in my lifetime whom I find as consistently detestable as Bill & Hillary was Franklin & Eleanor. Things, though, were a little different, since I was young in most of the Roosevelt Era, so my full appreciation of FDR's total evil came a bit after he had passed over to his just reward. After long contemplation, I finally came up with *one* policy of FDR's I can agree with: his refusal to be stampeded by the Left into intervening on the side of the Reds in the Spanish Civil War. Against sixteen years of un-relieved Rooseveltian horror, it's not much to put in the balance, but at least it's something, and the people of Spain can be thankful they were spared the dreadful evil of Communist rule.

But in contemplating the year and a half or so of Clintonian rule, I can't think of one feature of the regime which I can even contemplate with calm indifference, let alone agree with. Every Clintonian policy in every area has been execrable. But not just the policy; there is the entire style of the Administration, what the Marxists refer to as its "style of work": it's one abomination after another. Think of it: the demonic energy of Clinton and his young punk advisers, sitting up late in the White House, in and out of each other's offices, wolfing down Big Macs and planning how to run our lives. Clinton's incessant babbling, his Everready rabbit "Comeback Kid" persistence; his terribly leftist appointments. I early reached the point where I simply couldn't stand the sight (or especially the sound) of Slick Willie on TV: those Fatso legs jogging; that unctuous smile; the puffy eyes and nose; that hoarse voice mouthing lies and evasions: the whole bit.

Clinton has surrounded himself with a veritable Freak House.

But even I didn't realize I was missing a key element in my symphony of Clinton-hate. It hit me when I was reading the marvelous article in the April *Chronicles* by the distinguished Southern literary critic and novelist George Garrett. Garrett points out that each recent President liked to surround himself with certain definite types of people: Truman, down-home laughers and scratchers; Jack Kennedy, Harvard types and "lace-curtain Irish," etc. "The Clinton pattern?," he asks. Garrett's answer: "Ugly. He has surrounded himself with some of the most singularly unattractive people ever collected."

That's it, I exclaimed! I've never seen such ugly. Clinton promised us he would appoint people who would "look like America." Look like America? He has surrounded himself with a veritable Freak House, a cornucopia of the

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grotesque. The collection makes the Addams Family seem like attractive Ken and Barbie Americans.

Think about it: there is Old Prune-Face Warren Christopher; there is the little wispy teen-ager Stephanopoulos; little Bernie Nussbaum, who looks like one of Satan's lesser assistants; Dr. Joycelyn Elders with the phony Brit accent; and twisty-faced Mickey Kantor, who might qualify as the ugliest Presidential appointee of all time. But the toperoo in the Clintonian stable of deformity is the Gruesome Four, who I offer for the reader's horrified contemplation: the three hideous midgets—Robert Reich, Donna Shalala, and Ruth Bader Ginsberg, the latter resembling and talking like nothing so much as a rather small beetle; flanking the six-foot-six Super-Ugly butch geekess, Janet Reno. Ponder those four, looking like genetic mutants of each other. Ugly, ugly!

The Clinton Administration has been a horror and a disaster on every level, even the aesthetic.

Now I'm really not asking for much. I'm not asking for pretty, or handsome, in our political leaders. I'm not asking for Ken and Barbie, although they would be like manna from heaven after this diet of Clintonian monstrosities. Just, well, *normal*. Our leaders shouldn't "look like America," whatever that is supposed to mean, they should like leaders, like successful people in their walks of life. In the looks department, I think back with fondness to the Eisenhower Administration. I wasn't happy about that Administration, but I must say this for them: they looked like leaders are *supposed* to look: successful, middle-aged, golf-playing businessmen. And Ike's Secretary of Treasury George Humphrey, not only looked great, he was probably the last good Treasury Secretary: a free-market, budget-cutting type. Yes, yes, I know that looks are less important than the content of policies. But we shouldn't underrate the aesthetic dimension of our leaders either, especially now that television is inflicting their presence upon all of us, as uninvited guests in our homes. These Clintonian monstrosities are imposing upon all of us what economists call "negative externalities"; their very presence is gravely lowering our "quality of life."

In short, the Clinton Administration has been a horror and a disaster on every level, even the aesthetic.

Impeach Ugly! ■

Will Super-Gergen Save the Day?

by M.N.R.

Last May, when the Clinton Administration was reeling from a series of self-inflicted hammer blows: Travelgate, Hairgate, and other accumulations of trivia, David Gergen, imagemeister *extraordinaire,* was brought in by the Rockefeller World Empire to save the day. And Gergen quickly succeeded. The old maestro, Rockefeller Trilat and "Republican" opportunist who slides back and forth continually between the White House and "independent" news media, brought professionalism to image-making amidst a group of chaotic and bumbling amateurs.

But Gergen is at last beyond his depth. There is turmoil beyond slickness and image. The Clinton Administration is now in *real* trouble, with Whitewatergate, Fostergate, and the "independent" counsel and, as the Clintonian leftists and cronies try desperately to scramble for seats in the bunker, Gergen is clearly on the way out. Surfacing at last in the White House chaos of early March,

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Gergen's smooth exterior has clearly vanished: interviewed on TV, the old maestro is visibly nervous, muttering rapidly, sweating, his eyes darting, looking for the exit. When the Clintons threw Hillary's beloved mentor Bernie Nussbaum overboard to try to save the sinking lifeboat, in came...Super Gergen!

Since the death of "Mr. Establishment" John J. McCloy, Super Gergen, Lloyd Cutler, has perhaps the best claim to that august title, at least for the Establishment's Left-liberal Rockefeller types. Cutler has both impeccable New Deal and Democratic credentials, as well as being a long time Washington corporate lawyer. In this time of Clintonian troubles, Cutler oozes avuncular calm.

But to those who worry that Cutler might indeed pull a Super Gergen and save the Clintonian bacon, I wouldn't worry about it. Let's not forget that Jimmy Carter, beleaguered and reeling from public disapproval in mid-1979, kicked out Georgia crony Robert Lipshutz as his general counsel and replaced him with the Beloved Cutler in order to save *his* presidency. And despite his avuncular charm and universal acclaim, Cutler succeeded then about as well as he will succeed now.

Besides, why shouldn't Cutler be calm? *He* isn't implicated in Whitewatergate or Fostergate, and, now that the independent counsel and Congressional inquiries are at work or coming soon, Cutler can calmly tell everyone to "fess" up and come clean. Hell, *he's* got nothing to lose. And in 130 days, he knows he's out of there. Let's hope that Clinton exits the White House even faster than Carter did, after receiving the soft-soap Cutler treatment.

Does Cutler deserve universal hosannahs? Hah! One of the best because non-starry eyed assessments of Cutler came in a book by leftist Naderite lawyer Mark Green, now "Public Defender" in the New York City government. (See Mark Green, *The Other Government,* New York, Norton, 1978, pp. 45-64.) Green has two interesting quotes that sum up all one needs to know about Lloyd Cutler. Joe Laitin, a close associate of Cutler's who was an official in Carter's Office of Management and Budget: "Cutler is a strange man. On the one hand he's a corporate devil and on the other hand he's a nineteen-thirties' liberal." Not so strange, for this combination virtually defines Establishment left-liberalism. After all, what else is the famous Rose Law Firm? More *a propos* is the comment of Ben Gordon, who was staff assistant on the Senate Small Business Committee: "when I see Lloyd Cutler representing anybody, I know that it is not in the public interest."

But don't cry for Lloyd Cutler. Whatever happens to this putrid Administration, Lloyd Cutler will survive intact. Still Universally Beloved, and out of jail. ■

Nativism, Nationalism, and the Neocons

by Justin Raimondo

There I was, innocently sipping my white wine, and total strangers were coming up to me *demanding* to know my position on Nafta.

It was the West Coast *National Review* Summit, held in San Diego last summer, where I had occasion to attend an opening night party held for the speakers. Here, gathered together in one place, was a representative sample of the conservative Establishment. Such neocon heavies as Jack Kemp, Norman Podhoretz, Midge Decter, and Bill Bennett were holding court, and the room was buzzing.

The talk was almost exclusively centered on two subjects: Nafta and immigration. Naturally, the consensus on both was favorable. But there was a frantic quality to all this agreement and mutual reinforcement, an uneasiness as if the partygoers knew that their enthusiasms were far removed from those of ordinary Americans, or even ordinary conservatives. There was also an undercurrent of anger, directed at those heretics of the Right who dared oppose the party line: Pat Buchanan, the Ludwig von Mises Institute, and a study of the treaty co-authored by two analysts at the Competitive Enterprise Institute, came

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under particularly heavy fire.

It was all very disconcerting. Not because I tend to avoid confrontation—far from it, as those who know me will attest—but due to the fact that the highly ideological tone of this social event was messing up my plans. The plan, you see, was to keep a low profile until the last possible moment. It was, after all, a mistake that I was here to begin with, and if I came out of the closet, so to speak, and betrayed my paleolibertarian orientation too soon, the essential element of surprise would be lost.

Perhaps I should explain. It all started with a call from Lisa Nelson, of the *National Review* Institute, who explained that the Institute was putting on a West Coast conference in San Diego. Would I be interested in speaking on a panel? My book, *Reclaiming the American Right*, had just been published, and since there had already been a small flurry of requests for interviews, and a speaking invitation or two, I naturally assumed they wanted me on account of my book.

My bubble was soon burst, as Lisa went on to explain not only the subject of my panel, but the process that had led her to me. The subject was "The New Politics of Sex," to

Those Jury Verdicts

by M.N.R.

The worth of the jury system rests on the soundness of the judgment of a cross-section of one's peers. But that soundness, in turn, rests on the values and principles held by that cross-section. Recent dramatic jury verdicts call the soundness of the average American's principles into question. The table below lists, for each case, the names of the defendant, the crime either alleged or committed, the Political Correctness of the defendant, and the nature of the verdict.

Jury Verdicts and Political Correctness

Defendant	Defendant's Political Crime	Correctness	Verdict
Menendez Brothers	Murdered parents in cold blood	*Correct:* abuses by parents	**Not Convicted**
Lorena Bobbitt	Genital mutilation	*Correct:* abused by husband	**Innocent**, "Temporary insanity"
Williams	Deliberately bashed Reginald Denny on head	*Correct:* Black man expressing his indignation against white "racism"	**Innocent** of attempted murder
Stacy Koon et al	Attempting to subdue a belligerent black criminal	*Incorrect:* white "racists"	**Convicted**, in second trial; in jail
Griffin	Murdered an abortionist doctor	*Incorrect:* anti-abortionist, even though he claimed victimhood as influenced by Rev. John Burr	**Convicted**, in jail
Byron De La Beckwith	Allegedly murdered civil rights black, Medgar Evers	*Incorrect:* White racist	**Convicted**, in third trial, for 30-year old crime. Even though several witnesses placed him 60 miles away at the time. Witnesses dismissed as "white racists"
4 Arabs	Allegedly bombed World Trade Center, New York City	*Incorrect:* A-rabs	**Convicted**, in jail, even though key witness identified two jurors instead of two A-rabs.

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be moderated by Bill Bennett, and also including David Horowitz, Midge Decter, Michael Praeger, and *Reason* editor Virginia Postrel. The process that led her to me had nothing to do with *Reclaiming the American Right:* since the panel would be discussing the question of homosexuality.

Quickly recovering from whatever disappointment I might have felt—as it turned out, Lisa had never even *heard* of my book—I accepted the invitation. After all, it isn't every day you have the opportunity to get up on the same platform with Bill Bennett and tell him what you think of his despicable attempt to smear Pat Buchanan. As I chatted away with the charming Lisa, solemnly promising to contribute the requisite note of controversy and perhaps even salaciousness, my mind was already focused on the problem of how to tie an attack on Bennett and the smear brigrade to my assigned subject in the space of a 10-minute talk.

The plan, suggested by *RRR* publisher Burt Blumert, was to lay low Friday and Saturday, and then let loose with a full-scale offensive on Sunday, the morning of my talk. But in the face of so many provocations, the plan was rapidly unraveling. All restraints quickly evaporated as a very red-faced Jack Kemp lurched into the vicinity, expostulating on the virtues of Nafta and denouncing the villainy of its nativist opponents.

All restraints quickly evaporated as a very red-faced Jack Kemp lurched into the vicinity, expostulating on the virtues of Nafta and denouncing the villainy of its nativist opponents.

This was said with an air of unchallengeable authority, as if no one within a radius of several hundred feet could even *think* of contradicting him. As Kemp spoke, he put a hand on my shoulder, and another on the shoulder of the neocon drone I had been talking to, as if the three of us—being the oldest buddies in the world—could not possibly disagree about anything, and certainly not about Nafta. Here was an unrepeatable opportunity, not to be squandered.

Nafta is a violation of U.S. sovereignty, I said, a giant step toward empowering an international bureaucracy; it is managed trade, and not by any means "free." I also pointed out that his use of the term "nativist" was imprecise, to say the least. Most dictionaries define it as a policy of favoring natives as opposed to immigrants. Now *what*, I asked, is wrong with *that*? If this be nativism, then I am a nativist and proud of it!

When confronted with opposition from the Right, neocons have one and only one strategy: start the smearing, and don't stop. Kemp was running true to form. Complaining that the same people who opposed Nafta also wanted to crack down on immigration, he declared that this is racism.

"More than 70% of the American people want to crack down on immigration," I said, shaking my head in wonder at a conservative leader who talks like some campus radical out of the Sixties. "Are *they* all racists? No, it isn't racism, or nativism, or so-called 'isolationism,' or any of the other unsavory isms you mentioned. What we have here is just good old-fashioned American nationalism and do you have a problem with *that*?"

Norman Podhoretz had been standing there, listening to all this. Suddenly he turned to me and said: "What is *your* background, anyway? Where do *your* people come from?" While cheerfully admitting to my Italian ancestry, I wondered aloud what this had to do with anything.

"Who are *you*," he intoned,

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"the grandson of immigrants, to deny others the same chance?"

I felt it was useless to explain to Norman—a writer famous for his melding of political polemics and autobiography—that one fact had nothing to do with the other. But nonetheless I persisted. Since *everyone's* ancestors emigrated from one place to another at some point in the past, does it then follow that *no one* has a right to a politically incorrect opinion on this subject? This we-are-all-immigrants argument is wacky. The real issue, I said, is: what will be the political and cultural effects of a rapid influx of new immigrants, on top of the millions already here?

At this point, the voluble Kemp, who was just now gearing up for his major speech of the evening, lurched back into the conversation. Giddily describing the benefits of increased immigration, he launched into a long peroration about hard-working immigrants who would come, by land and sea, just as they had in the past, and inject a new vigor into American life. They would start new businesses, and this would create new jobs, which would stimulate growth, which would, in turn, attract more immigrants, who would create more jobs, and more growth in an ascending spiral of progress, a veritable stairway to heaven. This is Kemp's trademark brand of effervescent optimism, which is meant to sound like Ronald Reagan, and instead winds up sounding like...Jack Kemp: overblown, oversimplified, and overlong.

In arguing with the assembled neocons, I experienced a strange sense of *deja-vu*, and it occurred to me that the arguments put forward by Podhoretz and Kemp were identical to those made by the wild and wacky left of the Libertarian Party and their "market liberal" brothers over at the Cato Institute. This convergence is just what you might expect from both groups, but the role of the libertarians in this America Last coalition is particularly despicable.

No sooner had a gang of multinational corporations and their bought-and-paid-for legislators announced their desire to deliver the American economy to the tender mercies of supra-national bureaucrats, then these alleged libertarians came out in favor of it—on the grounds that the creation of a North American trade bloc is really a step in the direction of free trade! As a tide of immigrants inundates the country, expanding the welfare state and adding yet another pressure group of professional victims to the electorate, these left-libertarians proclaim: open the floodgates!

That open borders would ensure the demise of liberty in this country matters not one whit to left-libertarians: all that matters is that the state should immediately stop interfering with the right of every single living being on the planet to take up residence in the United States.

Today, the typical libertarian is as politically correct as any leftist. To him, Dr. Martin Luther King is a hero, religion is dangerous nonsense, and tolerance is an essential libertarian virtue—tolerance, that is, of everything and everyone but the Religous Right, Pat Buchanan, and those whose cultural roots predate Woodstock. Militantly universalist, disdainful of all tradition (including his own), the archetypal libertarian knows (and cares) more about the history of science fiction than the history of his own country.

The idea that there might be something unique about the American nation—some ineffable and perhaps unrepeatable quality or context in which liberty is nurtured—strikes him as sheer mysticism, if not outright racism. For all his polemics against egalitarianism in economics, he does not object to cultural egalitarianism. He therefore does not mind voting in the same election as a recent Nicaraguan immigrant who once cast his ballot for Daniel Ortega.

Put this way, the immigration question is brought into much sharper focus. Set against the backdrop of an expanding welfare state, the civil rights revolution, and the Bosniazation of America, the issue takes on a whole new dimension. The key fac-

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tor here is the franchise: do we want millions of new voters who look to, say, Emiliano Zapata, or Auguste Sandino, instead of Washington and Jefferson?

In this context, the strictly economic arguments made by left-libertarians such as Julian Simon are hugely irrelevant. The dubious claim (based on outdated statistics) that hard-working immigrants contribute more to the system than they take out ignores the fact that immigrants, like blacks, women, gays, and the differently abled, have become an official victim group: the courts have enunciated a whole series of rights and legal protections for immigrants, especially those who suffer discrimination at home on account of their victimological status.

Within the framework of the welfare state, immigrants have access to all the entitlements granted to citizens: not only welfare benefits of every description, but also the right to an education at public expense. The welfare bureaucracy has latched onto its latest constituency of clients, and is now busy providing them with all sorts of services, courtesy of the taxpayers: translators, free classes, legal services, counseling, and outreach efforts designed to make them voters.

Left-libertarians invariably answer: then get rid of the welfare state. This is said by the supporters of a party which has never managed to get 1% of the vote in a presidential election. But surely even these perennial losers realize what the real-world political consequences will be if their open borders policy is ever implemented.

The Clinton Administration recently announced a new drive to integrate immigrants by encouraging them to become voting citizens. This announcement came just as the Democratic Party was gearing up for another election- year cycle. Now you don't have to be a conspiracy theorist to realize what is going on here. Most of these new voters, primarily from Third World countries, will be herded into the Democratic Party: what better place for, say, Mexican immigrants, used to being ordered about by Mexico's ruling party, the *Partido Revolutionario Institutional* (PRI)?

Only in the United States did a libertarian revolution set up a republic in which the power of government was strictly limited.

If present trends continue, one can easily imagine an Ed Rollins of the future being excoriated for "suppressing" the immigrant vote. This depressing prospect underscores the cultural and political objections to a liberal immigration policy. For politically correct conservatives, such as Jack Kemp, it is a racist act even to bring this subject up.

Race is not the issue: what is at stake here is the political culture of this country. Once transformed by an unprecedented influx of immigrants, there is no going back. Although "change" is touted by the Clinton Administration as a good in and of itself, conservatives must consider whether there is something here worth conserving.

The American Revolution, as Garet Garrett put it, was a revolution exemplary. While its liberating influence spread across the Atlantic, and reached down into portions of Central and South America, once on foreign soil it either sputtered out, or mutated into something unrecognizable. Only in the United States did a libertarian revolution overthrow the old order, and set up a republic in which the power of government was strictly limited. Until the early part of the twentieth century, a kind of libertarian populism—inherently hostile to any political authority outside family and community—was the one overwhelming characteristic

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of American political culture. Socialism was considered a crankish, freakish, disreputable philosophy, inextricably mixed up with Vegetarianism, Spiritualism, and Free Love.

The influence of essentially European ideas such as socialism and syndicalism grew, at the beginning of this century, with the influx of European immigrants. The early socialist and labor union movements would not have achieved any sort of mass influence without the active support of many thousands of immigrants, who brought with them the attitudes and political culture of the Old World. Together with the intelligentsia—already hypnotized by everything that came from Europe—and the unions, this growing constituency of newly naturalized Americans constituted the mass base of the extreme left-wing of the New Deal coalition. Besides providing a core of support for New Deal domestic programs, these immigrants also functioned as faithful cheerleaders for FDR's interventionist foreign policy.

This is the often overlooked danger of large immigrant communities with a strong attachment to the mother country: when things go wrong in the Old Country, the hyphenated-Americans lobby goes into overdrive. If the nation of Ruritania is bankrupt, the Ruritanian-American lobby launches a campaign to convince us that we must bail them out. If Ruritania is invaded by Freedonia, then we are bombarded with pictures of starving and wounded Ruritanian children, while the Ruritanian-American lobby and interventionist liberal newspaper columnists demand we send in the Marines. (Unless, of course, the Freedonian-Americans can hire a good Washington public relations firm, clean up their image, and get a few starving Freedonian kids on American television). With the United States as the sole surviving nation with superpower pretensions, the political and especially the foreign policy implications of admitting a large number of immigrants from a single region or country have to be considered.

When things go wrong in the Old Country, the hyphenated-Americans lobby goes into overdrive.

Also to be considered is the question of national security: specifically, in regard to our notoriously porous border with Mexico. The rebellion of the *Zapatistas*, the neo-communist guerrilla movement spreading like wildfire throughout Mexico, is a danger that should not be minimized. The corrupt PRI, which has dominated Mexico for seventy-five years, is facing a deadly threat to its authority and legitimacy. Significantly, the *Zapatista* leaders chose to start their rebellion on the day Nafta took effect: leaders of the Zapatista National Liberation Front, who take their name from the leader of the revolution that estabished the Mexican republic and the PRI, clothe their rhetoric in vaguely Marxist jargon, but their complaint is essentially nationalist: the Mexican elite has sold out the country to the United States and a cabal of multinational corporations, while the people chafe under the notoriously corrupt and inefficient rule of a one-party state.

In addition to the growing problem of international terrorism, dramatized by the bombing of the World Trade Center, this recent development in Mexico gives new urgency to the project first proposed by presidential candidate Patrick J. Buchanan in 1992: the so-called Buchanan Trench, designed to fortify the U.S. Mexican border. If the PRI should lose its grip on power, and the country descends into civil war and chaos, what is to prevent mil-

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lions of refugees from pouring over the border?

Norman Podhoretz wants to know: Who am I, the grandson of immigrants, to stand in anyone's way?

It is the sort of question asked with no expectation of an answer, uttered in a tone of smug self-righteousness, but I answered it anyway. I can and *must* stand in their way precisely because of what I am: an American fighting to preserve my country's sovereignty and its heritage as a constitutional republic. That republic is, today, in mortal danger, its peril due in no small part to the political impact of record immigration levels. What we are faced with is nothing less than the de-Americanization of the political culture. Although this is a possibility that Norman Podhoretz and his fellow neocons may not consider disastrous, popular support for strict immigration controls is rising fast, and nowhere faster than among conservatives.

Yes, Norman, I *will* stand in their way—and nothing will move me. ■

Spoiled French Brats

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

If dependency is the tragedy of welfarism, the student riots in France reduced tragedy to farce. Like spoiled brats, tens of thousands of kids ran screaming through the streets of Paris. They vandalized private property, intimidated reformers, and threatened to destabilize the entire society.

Their indignation was not sparked by government oppression or unjust war. Instead, the students protested a much-needed economic reform, when the government of Edouard Balladur took the first major step away from the welfare state in a generation.

Television pictures of police fighting off screaming young men conjure up memories of Tiannamen Square. Yet these events are substantively different. In China, the youth were demanding not welfare but liberty. Paris offered only a miserable display of the welfare mentality and a protest *against* economic liberty.

Previously, the French government paid a minimum wage 50% higher than the U.S.'s, and expected the same from business. But a new law allowed business to pay a lower minimum wage to people under the age of 25. Even though this would have vastly expanded employment, the students threatened to hold their breath until they turned blue.

Whatever else these kids have been learning in school, it is not sound economics. Unemployment among young people in France runs at 25%. The problem is not a "lack of jobs"; it is wage floors that create surpluses in the labor supply.

Businesses have to control costs, so rather than hire new employees at above-market wages and with a host of mandated benefits, they paid overtime to those they already employ. This is a demonstration of why the minimum wage, instead of raising pay, redistributes wealth from those without jobs to those with them. The result is permanent unemployment. Mr. Balladur's sub-minimum wage is one way to deal with this problem. (President Bush proposed something similar.)

The government knew that labor unions would oppose the reform, precisely because the minimum wage prices a good part of the labor pool outside the market. So long as young workers are lounging at home on unemployment relief, union members face less competition. Labor minister Michel Giraud had vowed to stand as firm on his policy "as France had against the German offensive at Verdun in 1916." Instead, it was 1940, and amidst more hysteria than it had expected, the government backed off its full program.

The subtext of the riots was entirely political. Unlike in the United States, the French left has lost ground for some time. In the last round of local elections, the environmentalists got less than 4% of the vote, the Communists 11.3%, and the Balladur coalition 44.7%.

More was at stake in the wage reform than meets the eye. Even minor steps away from the mixed economy represent a threat to all the par-

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ties of the left. At risk is their only contribution to national life, and their prospects for someday returning to power. The Balladur government's competition is at its right flank.

That's why the Balladur government's error was in not pressing for the elimination of the minimum wage, and even of unemployment benefits. Without the safety hammock of welfare, the youth would eventually realize how a sub-minimum wage would work to their advantage. For the first time, they could take responsibility for their own fate, and not rely on redistributionist policies.

The French experience offers important lessons for the United States. We pity the former socialist countries as they attempt to dig themselves out of the statist morass. The obstacles are no less as we attempt an overhaul of our overburdened welfare systems.

Student opposition or not, however, reform is coming. As a crucial insight of Ludwig von Mises shows, the mixed economy is an unstable system of economic and social management. It is neither as intellectually nor as practically consistent as a free-market regime or a socialist one. The "third way" between capitalism and socialism tolerates the market, but provides state planning to override market decisions.

Welfarist intervention skews the natural system of incentives and distorts price-and-wage signals. France found, for example, that high unemployment benefits have drastically reduced the incentive to work, while wage floors have mis-allocated labor resources. To correct the imbalance, governments have traditionally resorted to more spending. But for countries with bloated budgets and immense debt, that path seems increasingly untenable.

The mixed economy fosters a dependency relationship between recipients and the state. In France, tens of thousands of youth decided they would rather attack the police than switch to a free-market system of setting wages. The internal contradictions of that system can only be resolved by scrapping the entire welfare state before it breeds another generation of violence-prone free-loaders. ■

We must scrap the welfare state before it breeds another generation of violence-prone free-loaders.

Fed Independence

by L.H.R., Jr.

"I respect his independence," President Nixon said as he nominated Arthur Burns as chairman of the Federal Reserve. "However, I hope that independently he will conclude that my views are the ones that should be followed."

Not much has changed in 25 years. Like every president before and since, Nixon wanted interest rates low and prices steady. Burns expanded the money supply and left the Fed eight years later with inflation nearing double digits. Three years later, a crushing contraction proved that loose-money prosperity is not all it's cracked up to be.

Couldn't he have resisted Nixon's pressure for cheap money, Burns was later asked by a German reporter? The Fed has to follow the President's orders, said Burns, or it would "lose its independence."

That sums it up. To keep its treasured "independence," the Fed bends to the political winds. Ours is not the most openly politicized central bank in the world, but neither does it resist external pressure, from the White House or Congress.

For months, Fed chairman Alan Greenspan has been criticized by Congressmen over the central bank's secre-

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tiveness, which dates to its founding in 1913. So Mr. Greenspan lightened up a little. The Fed's last two interest-rate hikes appeared in press releases hours after the decisions.

The Fed's candor was supposed to take away some of the uncertainty a central-bank monetary policy creates. Anyway, that was the leaked theory behind our new monetary *glasnost*.

In last month's first experiment, a rise in rates came after Greenspan implied in a statement to Congress that there would be no policy change. Most recently, an unscheduled private meeting between Greenspan and President Clinton led traders to believe that rates would not rise again.

The source of the market's confusion about Fed policy is the Fed's ominous power over the dollar.

There's a lesson in this. The source of the market's confusion about Fed policy is not secrecy as such. It is the Fed's ominous power over the dollar and the economy.

In the seventies, monetarists argued for a quantity rule. The Fed was supposed to fix the rate of increase in the money supply to the growth rate of the economy, in hopes that this would create a constant price level. But monetarists were never able to smooth the inherent economic distortions of their policy.

Nowadays, the quantity rule has been jettisoned altogether. Financial deregulation caused the various money measures to lose even their outward coherence. The content of individual and institutional portfolios change so rapidly and radically that no money aggregate can provide accurate signals, even assuming that the monetarists' theory were correct. The country's smallest investors think nothing of shifting from cash to savings to stocks to things and back again.

Faced with such technical difficulties, Greenspan—a former supporter of the gold standard—told Congress that the gold price is the Fed's newest policy benchmark. Its a better measure than a price index, he says, because it anticipates future inflation rather that merely reflecting what already exists.

But what exactly does a gold price rule mean, when Clinton's constant refrain to Greenspan is the same as Nixon's to Burns: support my policies. This Fed, like every other, has bent to political demands as the best assurance of its own "independence."

When the Fed raised short term rates, having alerted White House officials ahead of time, the administration braced itself for a rise in mortgage rates. They fell instead. Assured that the Fed had adopted a more hawkish stand, bond traders trimmed the inflation premium on long bond.

To keep the pressure up, the administration recently threatened to take away the Fed's power to regulate banks. To prevent this, the Fed agreed to defer to the White House when considering bank merger applications.

The administration seeks a new policy on lending. It intends to replace market-based credit with a system in which a person's race is more important than his credit rating. This is politicization of a brand-new sort.

Eighty-one years of Fed-controlled monetary policy has given us all the costs of central banking (business cycles, inflation, redistribution, and debt) but none of the promised benefits (zero inflation, no business cycles, and constant growth). It must be that way. That's why it's time to reread the Constitution, and the great economists, and recover the knowledge we've lost. Sound monetary policy used to be encapsulated in a gold Double Eagle. It could be again. ■

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Unity on the Right

by L.H.R., Jr.

In the post-war period, deep differences have divided traditionalists, libertarians, and free-marketeers. Yet, if there was ever a time for uniting the Right, this is it.

We face the Clintonian state, and battling it requires a new coalition, focused not on Bosnia or Russia, but on what's good for America, for American prosperity, for American families, for American communities, for American liberty, for the American future.

Traditionalists, libertarians, and free enterprisers can agree that our enemy is the central state, which destroys our prosperity, ravages our traditions, wrecks our families, savages our communities, loots our property, and subverts our liberty.

Such a new alliance is not unprecedented. At least three times in American history, a coalition united on the principles of liberty and property did heroic work.

First, consider the New Deal. Our side swung into action against Franklin D. Roosevelt very early on. "That Man in the White House" shredded economic liberty, constitutional government, and federalism. His first hundred days were a virtual coup d'etat against the republic of the Founders.

The Old Right went to war against his subversion of the rule of law, his repudiation of the free market, his abandonment of sound money, his leaf-raking national service, his Mussolini-like National Recovery Act, his scheme to pack the Court, and his underhanded campaign to involve us in European intrigues. As Garet Garrett wrote, Roosevelt—like Octavian before him—brought about a revolution within the form, pretending to preserve the republic while devouring it from within.

The Old Right was an extremely diverse lot, but they all cheered when libertarian H.L. Mencken compared FDR—our *real* presidential dirty-trickster—to a "glorified" barroom "bouncer," always ready to "gouge when the inspiration came to him, or to bite in the clinches," or to use "chair-legs," "cuspidors," and "ice-picks."

The economists of the Old Right also battled the Rooseveltian state. Henry Hazlitt held a prestigious post as literary editor at the *Nation*, but he didn't hesitate to attack Roosevelt's inflationary bank policies, the totalitarianism of his gold confiscation and price controls, and the insanity of his agricultural program, modeled as it was on the Soviet system. Hazlitt was fired, but he went on to become a senior editor at a much more important publication, *The National Review*.

Traditionalists joined the fight as well. Northerner Albert Jay Nock loved individual liberty, but he also opposed FDR's leviathan as culturally vulgar and a threat to community life.

The Anti-New Deal coalition included Southern traditionists, especially the contributors to the volume *I'll Take My Stand*. The editor of that work was Donald Davidson, who wrote the magnificent anti-Roosevelt *Attack on Leviathan*. Davidson's colleague Andrew Lytle was also a fierce opponent of FDR's public works projects, especially the Tennessee Valley Authority, which combined socialism and Soviet-style agitprop to destroy some of the best farmland—and farm families—in the country, while enriching the special interests.

The Southern agrarians called themselves anti-modernists, but they happily united with modernist libertarians like Isabel Patterson and Rose Wilder Lane, pro-business journalists like Garet Garrett, and even ex-progressives like John T. Flynn. How was this possible? Because they all opposed the New Deal's leap into what Jefferson called "consolidated government," and the redistribution of property that came with it.

The coalition disagreed on many matters, but they had better things to do than to excommunicate each other. Every pen and every voice was essential to the cause.

For the second example, we can look to the 19th century, when the economy was largely free. Then, govern-

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ment allowed the people the freedom to buy and sell their wares as they wanted, while strict protection of private property made possible the flourishing of community so beautifully documented by Tocqueville.

But from the early part of the century, there was one glaring exception to economic freedom: the Northern tariff, designed to protect Northern industry against European competition.

The Northern tendency towards isolationism and protectionism had terrible consequences for the economy and culture of the South. Southerners wanted free trade with the world, for economic reasons and on the principle of free government. They did not want their property rights and states rights subjugated by a powerful central state.

As the tariff taxed away their earnings, hampered the sale of their products, and squeezed their communities and families, the South began to fear for its survival.

All we want, said Southern Republicans like John C. Calhoun, is "free trade," along with "moderate taxes, frugality in the government..., accountability, and a rigid application of the public money to the payment of the [national] debt...."

Although a traditionalist, Calhoun was in union with libertarians like John Randolph of Roanoke and Lysander Spooner, both of whom favored states rights over consolidation. Much later libertarians like Frank Chodorov also wrote on the importance of states rights and condemned the anti-South bigotry that characterized Reconstruction and the period since, as unjust and as an ally of statism.

Frank Chodorov wrote on the importance of states rights and condemned anti-South bigotry.

The Northern libertarian Felix Morley, an early editor of *Human Events*, described the political horrors of the civil war for the North. Lincoln established military tribunals to try dissidents, arrested people for speech crimes, suspended habeas corpus, drafted Americans into an aggressive war, inflated the currency, passed the first income tax, and established the big business-big government "partnership" that we have all come to know and love.

Looking back even further into American history, we can find another coalition of free enterprisers, traditionalists, and radical anti-statists. These were the men who united to oppose unrestrained executive power during the debates on the Constitution.

The so-called anti-federalists were from the North and the South, although the most eloquent were Virginians Patrick Henry and George Mason. From the Articles of Confederation, the proposed new union represented a large increase in power. If we are to have the Constitution, these men insisted, the central state must be restrained by a Bill of Rights, especially a Tenth Amendment to protect the rights of the states and the people.

Otherwise, said George Mason, "the Congress may grant monopolies in trade and commerce, constitute new crimes, inflict unusual and severe punishments, and extend their powers...so that the State legislatures have no security for the powers now presumed to remain to them, or the people for their rights. There is no declaration of any kind, for preserving the liberty of the press, or the trial by jury in civil cases; nor against the danger of standing armies in time of peace."

Because of these men, we got a Bill of Rights, and it did restrain the central government, at least until the doctrine of incorporation. From then on, as Patrick Henry had predicted, the enemy of American liberty was to be

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found not overseas, but in Washington, D.C.

The anti-federalists saw what others did not, and sounded the alarm. So did the Southern Republicans. So did the anti-New Dealers. Each of these groups—built on diversity in particulars but agreement on broad principles—opposed consolidated government.

But weren't they all on the losing side? Yes, they had the courage to stick to principle regardless of cost. They knew that the history books might condemn them. Yet they looked beyond history to a higher judge than popular or academic opinion.

It is on the shoulders of these great men that we stand, even if we rarely acknowledge it, and these same men point the way to a coalition for liberty today.

We face an ominous threat. If Hamilton wanted a too-strong executive, Clinton wants total obedience. If Lincoln suspended legal protections, Ira Magaziner has open contempt for the rule of law itself. If the New Deal meant the passage of the Social Security Ponzi scheme, Hillary wants to make insurance fraud official government policy, with costs that could eventually dwarf World War II.

That is why we need unity, but with tolerance for diversity within that unity, as we fight the consolidated government of the egalitarian welfare state.

We may not win. Future generations may not even thank us for having fought. But we will have done what we know to be right. As Patrick Henry said, "We are descended from a people whose government was founded on liberty. Our country is great not because our government is strong and energetic, but because liberty is its direct end and foundation."

Nothing is more important than fighting to preserve and enlarge that foundation, as our forefathers did in 1776, 1787, 1860, and 1932. (Adapted from a speech at the National Review Institute Summit, Washington, D.C., March 4, 1994.) ■

P.C. Watch

by L.H.R., Jr.

A Neocon Hero

Remember when the *Wall Street Journal* and other neoconservative publications made student Ewart Yearwood a hero? He was called a victim of p.c. persecution when Swarthmore College asked him to leave for a semester, and offered to pay for his tuition to attend Columbia. The charge was sexual harassment.

He's a "Latino who's been misunderstood by a WASP," said his lawyer. His troubles stem from the fact that he was "raised in Harlem," the girl in question in a "Michigan suburb." The *WSJ* agreed.

In fact, Yearwood should, at the least, simply have been kicked out of Swarthmore. Here's the story: Alexis Clinansmith first "met" Yearwood when he was drunk on a couch in the dormitory lounge, a pool of vomit at his feet. As she walked by, he rose up, pulled his hand out of his pants, and rubbed her cheek, saying: "You have a beautiful smile." She, of course, was horrified.

Later, the hulking, muscular Yearwood—who had been expelled from prep school for sexual harassment—told her he had picked her out of the freshmen directory as "the one" for him. She said she wanted nothing to do with him, but he entered her room when she wasn't there and bragged about it, watched and followed her, stood for hours outside her window, waited outside her classes, kept asking her for dates in person and on the phone, and swung a heavy, wooden lacrosse stick back and forth, inches from her face, claiming, "There is something pretty intense between us, stop ignoring it." He also made "vulgar" verbal threats.

When the terrified Clinansmith complained to school authorities, they ordered Yearwood to stay at least 40 feet away from her. He immediately violated that at a dance, telling a friend within her hearing, "I am going to have her. I am going to make her feel what she's done to me." It was at that point that Swarthmore told Yearwood to take a semester off, but Columbia students found out about the plan to send him on an all-expense

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paid "punishment" there, and protested. (*WP*, 1/27/94)

Part of the problem is coed dormitories—Yearwood was assigned to her dorm. Boy-girl dorms ought to be abolished, and parietal rules reestablished. Then we ought to reconsider coeducation itself. Aren't girls and even boys better off in single-sex institutions?

Until that happy day, maybe we ought to support some of the feminists' anti-sex regulations. What else, in our times, will protect young ladies from the Yearwoods of the world? It's not much of a replacement for Christian morality, but it's something.

Xenophilia

Michael Portillo, the leader of the genuine conservatives in the British Conservative Party, was condemned by the Labor Party and the leftist media, and slapped down by Prime Minister John Major, for a "xenophobic" speech. What was the brouhaha all about? When talking to students, Portillo—the deputy finance minister in the Conservative government—said: "When you go into business you will win contracts because you are good at what you do. Go to a number of other countries and you would win contracts because your cousin was a minister or because you had lined the pocket of some public official." (*Washington Times*, 2/6/94)

Not in the Eye of the Beholder

In a study that could only surprise feminists and other anti-lookists, scientists have discovered that beauty is as important in the animal kingdom as among humans. From elks to barn swallows to scorpion flies, symmetrical antlers, feathers, and wings attract the opposite sex much more than asymmetrical. Even among humans, facial symmetry is an important component of beauty. (*NYT*, 2/8/94)

Makes Him Wanna Rape

Makes Me Wanna Holler is a victimological tale by Nathan McCall (Random House, 1994). Although not raised by a single welfare mother in the inner city, McCall, who is black, turned into a particularly vicious street criminal. In the words of a *New York Times* review, although McCall had a father and mother and grew up in a middleclass black suburb, he and "most of his male friends ended up in the maelstrom of drugs, gangs, and jail." (Ever notice how p.c. problems are portrayed as an external force, a sort of dark, passive-voiced cloud, so no one can be blamed?)

Quotes That Need No Comment

Bill Clinton has been coddled all his life—indulged by a succession of solicitous women, babied by an inattentive draft board, packaged by a cynical political establishment in Arkansas, protected by Lady Luck from ever having had to get a job, and lionized by reporters and pundits because he reminded them of themselves.—Wesley Pruden, *Washington Times*

If one major Clintonite falls and decides to take somebody with him, he could take a lot of people.—Sheffield Nelson, Little Rock Republican who lost narrowly to Clinton for governor in 1990, *Washington Times*

They [the Clintonians] got caught off guard. It's kind of like cockroaches reacting to flipping on a light. It's like this has been going on for a long time, and now the light has just been turned on.—Roy Drew, former Stephens, Inc. employee in Little Rock and a major critic of the Clintons, *Washington Times*

They [the Stephens machine] were never big friends of Bill's, but they could lay money on him. They're opportunists who will lay money on anybody who can help them.—A well-connected Little Rock source, Rod Dreher, *Washington Times*

We got a statement from the president yesterday that was in the nature of "She's [Hillary's] not a crook." You are never in a good position politically when you are forced to make a statement like that.—Michael Barone, of US News & World Report, on CBS-TV

It was inevitable that given her [Hillary's] talents and ambition, her unaccountability would eventually become a yoke around her neck. Oddly, she seemed never to realize this...she is utterly convinced that she is right, and that she and the activist leaders of her generation have a sacred duty to use any methods they choose to reform and "save" America....The Clintons, you see, did not come to the presidency to govern the country, but to tell people how to live....From the outset, the Clintons seemed to be suffering from the quality that so often brought down the Greek gods; hubris, or overweening pride....When, instead of the politics of meaning, there is what looks like sordid wheeling and dealing, a marriage held together through all the infidelities in great part by ambition...the fall, when and if it comes, will be precipitous.—Georgie Anne Geyer, syndicated columnist

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McCall relates his long crime spree, especially the gang rapes he participated in. "Alone, I was afraid of the world and insecure. But I felt cockier and surer of myself when hanging with my boys.... We'd do things in groups that we'd never try alone."

Time magazine, in a review, criticized one of the gang-rape victims whom he later met, for refusing to forgive him, and for not understanding his rage as the victim of white America.

After a short jail term for attempted murder and a longer one for armed robbery, this victim got affirmative action help through college and a series of more and more important newspaper jobs, where he also has been a victim of racism. (He's now at the *Washington Post.)* Naturally, McCall blames white people for all his troubles, including his criminal past. You might ask why a thug like this wasn't made to holler in the electric chair, but then you'd be a racist. (2/27/94)

You might ask why a thug like this wasn't made to holler in the electric chair.

The Uneducated Clan

As if Los Angeles didn't have enough trouble, Mexican teenagers are turning it into graffiti city. And the spray painters (taggers) now travel in armed gangs (crews) that shoot their competitors.

Why dirty other people's property with spray paint? "It's a real rush," says Alex Alvarez (tag name: Judas) of the Uneducated Clan, which he calls his "real family." Along with the paint, says Judas, "you have to carry something—a shank, a gun, a bat. There's more and more fights with other crews and sometimes with street gangs that aren't into tagging."

Typical crew names are Chosen for Krime and Shoot To Kill. "That's part of the thrill," says Alvarez. "I mean, like, you tag this wall with spray real fast, sizzzzt! sizzzzt!" and then "another crew sees what you've done and tries to tag over you and you have to go after them. Hey, like I say, it's a rush."

In Los Angeles, virtually every wall, billboard, highway marker, overpass, bus, and utility pole is tagged, a depressing and oppressive sign of the breakdown of Western civilization. Chaka, the hero of tagging, had left his spoor in more than 10,000 places. After finally being caught and sentenced to 90 days in jail, he spray-painted the courthouse elevator too. (*New York Times*, 3/14/94)

Our Free Press

A reporter for a Gannett newspaper described some of their "diversity guidelines" recently. If there is a large gathering of whites with a few blacks in attendance, the photo that appears in the newspaper must include the blacks. But a new photographer got into trouble when he included the few Cambodians at a black event. There were tremendous protests, since it should have had an all-black photo. The editor had to explain the real meaning of diversity to him.

Wedowee

Wedowee, Alabama, was the race story of the month recently. From all the national attention focused on the tiny town, you might have thought there'd been a lynching. Instead, Hulond Humphries, the principle of Randolph County High School, is accused of opposing interracial dating at the senior prom, and telling a mulatto girl that her parents made a "mistake."

The facts are in contention, although not the growing racial tensions at the school, connected in part to interracial dating. But that didn't keep Humphries, principal for 25 years, from being suspended, and he may be fired, as the NAACP is demanding. Fresh from pacifying Waco, Janet Reno's Justice Department is

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investigating, and a poverty lawyer is suing the principal on behalf of the insulted girl.

But what do the people of Wedowee, population 750, think of all this? Do they have a Hitler in their midst? Frank Sikora of the *Birmingham News* (2/20/94)—alone among the media—asked. And what he discovered didn't jibe with Dan Rather.

When the Big M Barbeque burned down last year, owner James Boyd didn't have any fire insurance. He thought he was through, until his neighbors raised money for him. One of the leaders was Humphries. "If it hadn't been for people like him, I couldn't have gotten back into business," said Boyd, who is black.

Lamont Herring, a 19-year-old black, credited Humphries with straightening him out. "I remember once getting whacked by him, but I deserved it. After that, I didn't get any more. I respected him and he respected me. I think the whole thing has been blown up by the press." Added Jack Burnside, 33 and white, "I was cutting classes and he caught me. He gave me a whack all right, but I deserved it." Eloise Sheppard, a black cook, credits Humphries with loaning her money whenever she needed shoes or clothing for her children. "I wish Mr. Humphries would come out and say something and defend himself. I just feel sorry for him."

Said white businessman Grover Poole, "He was worried about the safety of the students. A lot has changed since he began teaching. When you take prayers out of schools, and put condoms in, you're going to have trouble."

Why was this such a major story, when the much more common events in the opposite direction take a Colin Ferguson to break through the media iron curtain? ■

American Spy in Washington

The Whitewater Distraction

by Joseph Sobran

I'm really enjoying Whitewatergate, not least because of the way it embarrasses our courtier press. Last year the Eleanor Clifts were fawning on the Clintons as our Baby-Boom deliverers from the twelve-year orgy of greed and rapacity: sixties idealism had come to Washington! Hillary Rodham Clinton, furthermore, embodied all the values of the women's movement.

Now it looks very much as if Clinton is nothing but a crook, part of an unfolding criminal infrastructure that ruled Arkansas during a *real* decade of greed. And Hillary? The stern feminist turns out to have been his bagwoman. Delicious.

As I write, the Clintons still have a few defenders. But notice their tone. They don't suggest he's innocent or, heaven forbid, *honest;* they merely keep repeating that no criminal charge has been made, or proved, *yet.* When he gives a press conference, they don't *believe* him; they confine themselves, like drama critics, to praising his "brilliant performance."

As for Hillary, the most amusing detail of this whole business was her $100,000 killing in the commodities market in 1979. Of *course* she made a small fortune on her first try, right? That shows you what a capable woman can achieve when she's allowed to compete in a formerly all-male preserve, right?

Yet Hillary's defenders aren't availing themselves of this standard feminist line. They know just how fishy that hundred grand looks: it looks mighty like a payoff from Tyson Foods, probably one of many payoffs the Clintons received, this one so well-disguised that it raised no eyebrows until the feds and the national media began to take a close interest 15 years later.

Oh, yes, I'm getting a big kick out of it all. But where will it leave us in a few months?

Suppose Bill resigns—and I now regard this as likely. Our new president will be Al Gore, who wants to bomb all the peopled parts of the planet and save all the unpeopled parts. He's worse than Clinton, in that he favors both foreign *and* domestic federal intervention. Tipper Gore can't possibly be as bad as Hillary, so count her as a slight plus. And Gore would take office in a cold sweat,

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having seen Clinton's fate.

Not that we shouldn't hound Clinton from office; we certainly should. When you can't achieve anything else, at least punish the incumbent. But we mustn't expect too much good to result from it.

The whole Clinton hunt could become a malign distraction—and probably will. The wrong lessons will be drawn from it; and it will be nothing but a political victory for the Republican wing of the establishment, rather than a defeat for the establishment itself.

And there is something else, which is hard to put into words. Let's just say that we suffer from a lot of bogus history. Not only do we get too excited about daily events; we attach far too much importance to certain events of the past, about which we have long since ceased to be excited; Watergate, for example.

You can know a lot of history without being any the wiser for it. The study of history is indispensable, but you have to bring something to it. Unlike Aesop's fables, history doesn't provide self-evident "lessons." It won't give you the right answers unless you ask it the right questions.

The real historical importance of Richard Nixon may have little to do with Watergate. For me it seems much less interesting that he was forced to resign the presidency than that he did nothing to reverse the concentration of unconstitutional power in Washington; in fact, that (in spite of his own talk of a "New Federalism") he accelerated it. What he did while in office—establishing the Environmental Protection Agency, for instance—still matters; how and when he left office is a detail.

Clinton meant to concentrate power too. The joyful news now is that his health care plan is dead. But stopping him is only a defensive victory for freedom. If the Republicans win Congress and the White House as a result of his expulsion, we who care about our freedom won't have gained anything, even in the best case. The days of anything resembling constitutional government will continue to recede further and further into the past, growing dimmer and dimmer in the national memory.

The Republicans, and the conservative establishment, *really don't mind* that the Constitution is passe.

It took me a long, long time to grasp that the Republicans, and the conservative establishment, *really don't mind* that the Constitution is passe. Barry Goldwater and Bill Buckley, capping their distinguished careers, are actually defending Clinton against the Republicans! And why not? The Republican Party and the conservative movement were always based on despair. Their mission was not to defeat Communism, but only to stave it off for as long as possible, and to their great embarrassment the horrible beast has gone and died on them. (Not that they don't want credit for killing it.)

With all respect to the minority led by Russell Kirk, most conservatives never had a clear idea of what they were determined to conserve. No wonder their aging leaders, having failed to conserve even George Bush, are now reduced to conserving Bill Clinton. The important thing is to conserve *something*, eh, gentlemen?

Franklin Roosevelt defined both liberalism and conservatism for the postwar era. It was simply a matter of where you wanted the federal government to exceed its proper reach: at home, or abroad? If the former, you were a liberal; if the latter, a conservative. Al Gore, who favors both, is of course a moderate.

Roosevelt was a Renaissance man of mischief. First he destroyed nearly all limitations on federal power in

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domestic matters; then he discredited the foreign policy principles of the founding fathers, smearing those principles as "isolationism," and set about creating a world empire. Today neither liberals nor conservatives question FDR's legacy. Both Ronald Reagan and Bill Clinton have invoked him piously.

As they should. Compared with him they are trivial figures. "Reagan Revolution"? Reagan was about as revolutionary as those revolutionary new ingredients they put in laundry detergents.

More than anyone, Roosevelt really changed the Constitution—not the worlds of the document itself, which he was too large-minded to bother amending, but the actual power relations in the United States. The old radicals had assumed that the Constitution was such a reactionary arrangement that, as *The New Republic* once candidly put it, "to have a socialist society we must have a new Constitution." But FDR spared them the trouble of staging a violent revolution in the streets by doing an inside job on the system.

The courtiers and mandarins in time learned to interpret the Constitution in keeping with the real changes FDR had effected; they came up with the indispensable idea that the Constitution is a "living document," whose meaning "evolves" until it has nothing to do with what everyone recently agreed it meant. From the supreme Court to the mass media to the public school teachers, they have carried on the work of obliterating our true tradition, until Republicans and conservatives have at last made the heritage of FDR—the New Deal and World War II—their own.

Every American president since Truman has been a footnote to FDR. None has dared to *suggest* undoing his revolution. Since 1937 the Supreme Court has never found a single new federal power to be unconstitutional, while it has continually chipped away at the once-unquestioned powers of the states; far from being the "check" on federal growth promised by Alexander Hamilton, the Court has become an aggressive force for centralized power.

Conservatives who prate about "the Reagan Revolution" and "judicial activism" just don't comprehend what has been happening. As long as this remains the case, there's not much point in getting all worked up about little things like Whitewater. ■

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